

Trollhunters: Tales of Derry by **earthkidsareweird**

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Summary:

His mother's words returned: And Eddie! Keep in mind, you're going to kill your true love so be careful out there. Don't go and make us move again.

If he makes friends, they'll move again, his mother was like that and if he talked to Richie more, well. No. Maybe. Maybe he can try and live a little, which seems unfair to Richie.

But what are the chances his mother has been telling the truth this whole time?

And if she was telling the truth about killing his first love, what are the chances it's some class clown called Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier.

The chances have to be 0%.

(P.S. Dear Reader, chances are. . .100%.)

1. Shit Beginnings

Author's Note:

Look this just popped into my head and we'll see what happens! But like it's three of my fav things It x Trollhunters x The Raven Cycle. I've um also never done anything like this so pls give me a shout if you're like yo this is cool or ok. Thanks.

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie meets Richie, but Eddie's life is a trash fire while Richie is just trash.

Notes for the Chapter:

Pls let me know what you think I'm hoping to stick with this, too, got some pretty fun ideas (I think).

I think I should have a post schedule? This is only the second fic I've ever tried to write.

Shit Beginnings

Eddie Kaspbrak can no longer remember the amount of times his mother warned him: *You'll kill your true love*. Threat though might be a better word choice than a warning. It's more of a threat to remind him, he's never getting away from her.

He lies in bed not ready to face a new world outside. New house also means new floorboards, which means more creaks and more chances of his mom stopping him before he leaves the house. If she weren't so lazy, she'd homeschool him. He thanks whatever god for her laziness prevents this though, but only for that fact. Downstairs he can already hear the TV, not that many shows are on this early in the morning. He sits up looking at the clock. Maybe if he cared more about school he'd think: *Oh shit, fuck, I'm gonna be late*. But there are greater fears in his world.

Outside there are some kids shouting. He looks out the window to see one guy and one girl fly by on their bicycles. For a split second too long, he watches them. The one kid points off in a different direction challenging them to take some sort of shortcut then they're off, out of sight. Otherwise, the streets are empty, probably because nobody else in this world is going to be late. He looks down the side of the house wondering if maybe he could make the climb, which is ridiculous. He'd fall, break an arm, or hit his head so hard that everybody would think it's just a concussion only for him to drop dead at some point in the night.

With one deep sigh, Eddie changes into clothes as fast as possible. He tosses his inhaler into his backpack before some other medication he stole from his mother's cabinet. Not that she has noticed, probably because he does his best to slip a pill into a separate bottle twice a week. It helps that she has shit eyes. Eddie tucks the bottle into a secret pocket inside his bag before creeping out of his room. So far there are a few creaks he knows to avoid. He's getting good at this, and will only get better. Practice makes perfect.

Eddie makes it down the stairs without a sound and there's no shouting from his mother. Perfection. The next big feat is passing the TV room to the door. If he wants food, he'd have to cut through the TV room to the kitchen. Not happening. Eddie takes one step at a time focusing on toes first then heel, toes first then heel because he read somewhere once this is the way to sneak up on some animal when hunting. This is basically the same scenario, he's just the hunted or so it feels most days.

Right before Eddie can touch the doorknob, a floorboard screeches under his weight. Opposite of perfection. He wrinkles his nose and pauses. His heart about to explode, which would be unfortunate. Somewhere he read nobody has ever died of a panic attack, but chances are either that's a lie or he'll be the first panic attack victim.

"EDDIE! IS THAT YOU!" his mother shouts from the TV room treating him like he's several miles away.

Eddie backs up holding tight to his bag. *Don't vomit, don't vomit, don't vomit*, he tells himself. His head grows fuzzier as his chest hurts way more. Eddie stops and looks at his mother. She's sitting on a giant

chair watching her television set. She has the sort of small glasses that magnify her eyes making him think of bugs and he hates bugs like mosquitos kill more people than any other animal in this world.

“I’m already late for my first day of school, sorry,” Eddie says.

“You were going to leave without giving me a kiss?”

Eddie walks over to his mother giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. “Sorry.”

“What if you left and died out there? You would’ve left me without saying goodbye? What do you think that would do to me? It’d kill me, Eddie.” His mother shook her head. “We will discuss this later when you get home.”

Eddie backs up ready to head out into the world, he mumbles, “Um, love you, Mom. So bye.”

His mother smiles. “I love you, too.” Eddie is already at the door when she shouts. “You come straight home right away.”

“I will.”

“I don’t want you out there playing with some stranger.”

Eddie groans wanting to say he’s in high school, he doesn’t “play” anymore or something but instead, he leaves it shouting another, “Love you,” even though the words mean nothing, they’re just societal norms.

Before Eddie can close the door, his mother continues to shout all to remind him over and over and over again, “And Eddie! Keep in mind, you’re going to kill your true love so be careful out there. Don’t go and make us move again.”

Eddie slams the door shut and realizes, he has no idea how the fuck to get to school. It’s like nobody is around to ask for directions, too. He heads off in the direction he watched those other kids go earlier even though they were long gone by that point. He pauses by some street lamp looking at several missing persons signs pasted along it. Some children lost in black and white stare back at him, none who he

knows seeing he only moved to town. Rather than feel bad for them, he has some back wishful thought: *Maybe I'll finally die.*

"Do you need help?" somebody in a car pulls up beside him.

Oh fuck. Eddie looks to see some middle-aged man sitting in the driver's seat. His hair already graying. This is how children get abducted, thrown into cars by friendly strangers or aggressive ones that pluck people off the street to do who knows what. "No thanks, sir, I'm ok."

The man continues to wait in his car there. "You look lost."

"I'm not lost," replies Eddie. He begins to walk along as the car slowly creeps along after him. *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.* The houses around him look empty so he can't shout for help or knock on a door to ask for a phone to call the police. The car paces with him. "No, sir, I'm fine, really."

The man stops the car and leans over the passenger seat a bit. "The school is that way."

He points at a side street that Eddie missed thanks to those missing poster signs. If he's kidnapped then he really won't have to go to school or deal with his mother unless ghosts exists and he ends up trapped here for eternity.

"It's the fastest walking route. Better hurry up, I'd hate to mark you or any other kid late." He drives away rolling up his window.

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Eddie continues in this same direction he is on because fuck that advice. They shouldn't hire such creepy teachers. He finds himself walking over a bridge, over an empty canal. He stops to look down spotting those two kids on bikes earlier. The girl is shouting at the boy about they need to get going, they're so late and so much for a shortcut. The boy though is leaning over a pile of blueish rocks in the middle of the empty canal. He's poking it all with a stick. His friend starts to leave without him causing him to yell back at her.

"See you later, Trashmouth!" she yells as she rides away leaving the

other kid there. He's holding onto a rock in one hand and a stick in the other.

"Well! Fuck you? I'm adorable and nobody will be mad if I'm late!"

Eddie walks a little faster away from the scene hoping to maybe make it to school before the bell, still the school he has no idea where it is. But the place isn't too big, sort of. He moved there from New York so comparatively, some post-industrial city has nothing on him-- in theory.

Before Eddie walks off the bridge, he does look down to see this "Trash Kid" is standing there still holding onto the rock staring at it before tucking it into his back pocket. He pauses when he realizes Eddie is staring at him. The moment they're about to lock eyes, Eddie runs off. Nope, nope, no more distractions because it sure is time for school. The nervousness builds, twitching throughout his body though. If he walks faster, maybe it'll be all done and gone by the time he reaches school.

Except for Trash Kid is actually riding beside him on his bike and he does look like trash in some wrinkled Hawaiin shirt that doesn't match his plain gray shirt underneath. "Hey, New Kid. Need a lift?"

Eddie for no reason at all whips his inhaler out of his bag and sucks in deeply as he stares at the kid. His black glasses are too big for his face. The classic Hollywood nerd type. Eddie stares at him while his head still buzzes louder and louder.

"New Kid, don't take this the wrong way but you look like shit right now. Are you like dying from cancer or something?"

"I have to go," Eddie tells him and attempts to scurry away but the Trash Kid follows him.

"Just hop on the back."

Eddie gawks at him. "What? *What?*! Just hop on the back of your-your bike? I don't have a helmet, do you know what happens to people who ride bikes and don't wear helmets?"

“They die?” replies Trash Kid. “Again, no offense, but if you die on my bike, I bet I get all A’s so I wouldn’t even be mad.”

“You’re not funny.”

“Fuck you, I’m hilarious.”

Eddie looks around. That car is long gone at least and he spots some more of those missing persons signs, it’s hard to tell if they’re the same. Eddie sighs and hops onto the back of the kid’s bike. “Um, I’m Eddie.”

“Richie Tozier.”

“Um, thanks.” Eddie hangs on tight to this kid as he rides off, not too fast as if he’s pacing himself for the frantic sake of Eddie. If he does, it never comes up. They don’t speak the entire way. Conversation is done. The second Eddie is at the school, he hopes they won’t cross paths. It’s already awkward enough that he is hugging some random Trash Kid after meeting him for five whole seconds. Rumors travel too quick, and for somebody who never leaves the house, his mother happens to know everything.

Somewhere in his mind, he hears his mother’s voice as per usual. Well, almost ‘per usual’ because at any other time she’d be yelling at him for being so, so, so stupid. Riding a bike like that? That’s how kids die. They die all the time on bikes like that. 1 in 3 kids would be her statistic, it’s always the same. 1 in 3 kids die of asthma before they’re 16, but jokes on her, he’s already 16. No, no, it’s none of that but her stupid, stupid, stupid ass warning: *And Eddie! Keep in mind, you’re going to kill your true love so be careful out there. Don’t go and make us move again.*

The second Eddie spots the school right when the bell rings and Richie starts to curse. Most of the kids are inside, some are stumbling

to the doors. Eddie closes his eyes, inhales deeply and reminds himself the other usual.

Do. Not. Make. Friends. Friends meant they'd move again and again and again because his mother said it was for the best, the only way to protect such a cursed child.

2. Becoming, Prt 1

Summary for the Chapter:

School stuff and then some troll stuff.

Becoming, Part 1

This isn't Eddie's first romp at some new school, but he hopes it's the last new school. He holds onto his schedule and a little map he drew up of the school. To think, he couldn't think to bring a map or directions on how to get there. *Stupid, stupid, Eddie, so stupid.*

He stands outside the first-class realizing the person from the car earlier is in there already talking to a whole class. Eddie groans. So far not so great here. Maybe this could be the second to last new school. The man steps out closing the door behind him. Eddie realizes either the teacher is super tall or he's super short, it could also be both. Probably both.

Before Eddie can introduce himself, the teacher speaks first, "I believe I owe you an apology. I shouldn't have followed you earlier this morning, especially in a place like Derry." Eddie is about to add, *Or anywhere*, but again this teacher beats him to speaking, "Kids have started to go missing around here. Since you're new, it'd probably be best to know that."

"Um. . .I'm Eddie Kaspbrak," is the actual reply Eddie manages. *Stupid, stupid.*

"I'm Mr. Strickler. Welcome to ancient history class." He opens the door leading Eddie inside. "Pardon the interruption, but we have a new student joining us here, Eddie Kaspbrak, from. . ."

"Um. . .New York." Eddie watches the teacher rather than looking at any of the students. He needs to get through this day without making any enemies or friends and it's straight home to his mother.

Somebody yelps startling Eddie. His heart rate pops again. Those pills

are in his bag, at least. One bathroom trip and he can take it with the water from the sink, wash it down and kill the rising anxiety. Eddie looks to see the Trash Kid from earlier looking behind him while rubbing the back of his head. He mouths the word “Ow” at a girl behind him.

“Mr. Tozier, do you have anything you’d like to say to the class or our new student?” asks Mr. Strickler.

But Richie is still looking at a red-haired girl behind him, she simply smirks at him and flicks a folded paper at him. Rather than pick it upright, Richie turns around to look over at Mr. Strickler with some stupid smirk. He stomps on the paper to pull it closer.

“Sorry, a bee bit me,” says Richie.

“A bee? *Bit you?*” replies Mr. Strickler.

“Crazy shit, right?” Only Richie laughs, or at least, the girl behind does snicker but covers her mouth so nobody else can see.

“Language, Mr. Tozier.” Mr. Strickler points at an empty seat close to the windows. “Seems like a bad dream woke you up.”

“I wasn’t asleep, promise.”

Mr. Strickler turns away from everybody to roll his eyes as he starts to write something out on the chalkboard. Meanwhile, Richie turns around ignoring the fact that Mr. Strickler has started to talk about a map of ancient Turkey and the space between there and Greece. He squints at the girl while she continues to just smile, but she covers her mouth when she starts to snicker again.

Richie opens the paper and sees it says, “Cute boy alert.” Richie slams it down on his desk getting the attention of the class and Mr. Strickler again. “Sorry, I had killed to bee that bit me, it’s already tasted blood. We wouldn’t want it to kill somebody, would we?”

Mr. Strickler sighs as his only comment and returns to his lecture.

But Richie isn’t about to listen. He snaps his attention back to the girl, and loud whispers, “Bev! No!”

“Richie! Yes!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“Mr. Tozier!” Mr. Strickler interrupts forcing them to both look at Mr. Strickler. “Would you like to repeat what I just said? What is the original name of Troy?”

Richie taps his desk and slowly pulls the paper off and into his one pocket. “Um Yort?” Strickler frowns. He tries to look at the board figuring out if its there, but nope. “Istanbul?”

“Please see me after class, Mr. Tozier.”

At least the bell rings, and Strickler starts to erase the board. Eddie jumps out of his seat glad to run away from this secondhand embarrassment. Most people clear the room, but Bev slowly comes up beside Richie mouthing the word, “*Sorry*,” to him before she leaves the classroom, but he spots her waiting outside across the hall from him at least. Richie starts to pack up his book and an empty notebook. Earlier he had drooled on the page and decided it’s best not to write in it for the day. Richie swings his bag onto his back walking up to Mr. Strickler.

Mr. Strickler still has his back to him, erasing the board. Richie stands by his desk picking up a sandwich that’s sitting there. It’s wrapped in some discolored plastic so he brings it a little closer to his face in an attempt to guess what’s on the inside. When Mr. Strickler turns around, Richie slowly puts it down. “Were you just touching my lunch?”

“No,” replies Richie putting it down. “Maybe.”

Mr. Strickler sits down at his desk leaning his face into the palms of his hands for a moment. He sighs deeply, which Richie is pretty sure is a bit too dramatic. “That’s the second time you fell asleep in class this week,” he comments.

“I personally don’t think that’s a big deal.”

“You do realize it’s Tuesday.”

“I’m two for two, which is cool because that means I’m consistent.”

“Richie,” groans Mr. Strickler, “this is not a joke.”

Richie stands there poking his sandwich again, which to be honest, he didn’t really want to do in the first place. It sort of just happened. Him standing there poking his teacher’s lunch while staring at him and then also saying, “Are you sure because my life is a joke?”

“Richard.”

“My name is actually Ricardo.”

The bell rings for the next class. Poor Bev stands out there flailing to get Richie’s attention while shrugging. She takes off no longer willing to wait for him.

“Your name isn’t Ricardo. Just-Just please listen to me for a second,” it honestly sounds like Mr. Strickler is about to beg.

“Ok, ok, I’ll shut up. What?” Richie tucks his hands into his pocket feeling the paper inside with Bev’s stupid words on it. Good thing nobody even saw it. Just him. Just her. Just them.

Mr. Strickler leans a little into his desk, folding his hands together. “Have you been speaking to one of the counselors since your dad left?” Richie shakes his head. “Makes sense, that can be a hard step, but I’ve noticed a decline in your grades and you frequently fall asleep in class now.”

Richie points at Mr. Strickler and chuckles. “But hey, I have an excuse, at least! I’m always up late cooking for my mom since she always works the night shift at the hospital. I’m helping her save lives, pretty amazing, am I right? I’m right.”

In other words, I’m worried about you, it’s almost as if you’re lifting the whole world on your shoulders.”

This gets another sigh reaction. Mr. Strickler scrawls out a number on a little post-it note and hands it to Richie. “Cool, thanks, but I don’t

think teachers are allowed to date students.”

“Not funny,” snaps Mr. Strickler. He rolls his eyes and gets up to open the door also handing Richie a hall pass seeing how late he’s about to be for his next class. “I think it’s about time I had a chat with your mother, Young Atlas.”

“Yeah, so I don’t get that reference,” replies Richie.

“Maybe if you stayed awake in class, you would.” He closes the door watching Richie back away.

For a moment, Richie thinks about skipping class, but then they’d call home, which meant his mom would catch wind of everything, and this is her day to sleep in, but she never came home last night. He clutches the hall pass and tosses the phone number into a trashcan. Sucks that the class is on the opposite side of the building. He leaves one hallway into a more open area, there are a few students out there and one of the teachers sits at the desk.

“Richard Tozier!” she shouts when she spots him startling a bunch of kids out there.

Richie lifts his pass. “No need to worry, I’m legally allowed to be here.”

He keeps heading across towards another hallway to get to class. Once he’s out of sight, he goes to pluck the note from Bev out but instead pulls the strange thing he found earlier. Richie stops. It’s circular with some words engraved into it glowing a faint blue color. Weird. Instead of going to class, he changes his route to head toward the nurse’s office feigning a migraine. Fuck this shit, but Bev spots him from their class and signals for him to come in. Richie goes to grab the door still looking through the window while Bev points at the new kid.

Instead, Richie waves, lifts up a hall pass and backs straight away about to head toward the nurse, his only chance of escape. To be honest, he’s already feeling sick to his stomach anyway. He glances at his weird find one more time before tucking it away. There is something off, what, he has no idea nor is he ready to investigate.

Video games seem more ideal and also maybe his mom still isn't home letting him have a moment of absolute peace, hopefully.

Notes for the Chapter:

Pls let me know if this is cool. I also had this moment where I was like oh I can't wait to add a scene dedicated to that whole "crispy" episode. Just imagine Richie being more of a shit than usual saying "Crispy." That's the future of this project.

3. Becoming, Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Some casual Trollhunter stuff happening here.

Becoming, Part 2

“MOM?!” Richie shouts the moment he walks into the house.
“MOTHER FIGURE? MAGGIE?”

There’s movement upstairs as she comes down the skinny stairway drying her hair. She stops looking down at Richie. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m dying, Mom, so they sent me home. They think it’s meningitis.”

“You don’t have meningitis.”

“No, I swear I have meningitis, and I’m spending my final days playing video games.” Richie dramatically tosses his bag to the side before kicking the door closed behind him. “I left food in the fridge, did you catch it?”

Maggie tosses the towel back up the stairs before looking back at Richie. She’s already in her scrubs, ready to head out the door. “I did. . .” There’s a long pause. She doesn’t move off the staircase while looking down at Richie. “Are you sure you’re ok?”

“Mags! I’m obviously I’m not ok. Meningitis kills people.”

“I mean, that is a fact, but you don’t have meningitis and stop calling me Mags.” Maggie sighs. “I left some money on the kitchen table and a little note so you know what to order me if you get Chinese food or Thai or pizza. Stop cooking, you look tired.”

“Wow! Rude, that’s how people say you look ugly these days,” Richie says waving to her as he stares to walk into the living room.

Their home isn't too big. In one of those old rowhomes. The living room is basically connected to the kitchen. Richie looks over at the sink to see several dishes in the sink from the meals he'd left behind for her. The steps creak as Maggie returns upstairs. Richie goes into the kitchen opening the trashcan to see most of the food in there. He slams the lid shut before walking over to the fold up table to pick up Maggie's note. Plain rice if Chinese food or Thai. Nothing if pizza.

He returns to the living room collapsing on the couch grabbing his Game Boy from the coffee table but turns out the batteries are dead. Maggie returns while he is popping them out. "Where's the batteries, Mags?"

"Didn't I just say don't call me Mags. And we're out so, I'll pick up some on my way home. I'd say go out and get some but you're dying of meningitis, which is pretty contagious."

Richie pretends to swoon on the couch he's already lying on. "Only television can cure me now."

"Bye Richie," Maggie says.

He continues to lie there, hand dramatically over his forehead like some Victorian housewife dying of ennui. "Farewell, Margaret."

"Don't call me Margaret either." Maggie tosses a pillow at him from where she stands. "I hope Bev tells you that you can be a real prick sometimes."

"Mother figure, if I told you what Bev says to me in private, you would blush."

Maggie laughs. "Dear God, please never let me know." She takes her bag from close to the door and grabs her car keys. "Are you sure you're going to be ok? Do you need anything beyond batteries?"

Richie leans his head back looking at her while lying there on the couch. "Dr. Pepper?"

"Richie! You know we can't have that in this house." When she leaves, she doesn't even say goodbye. Richie lies there with the Game Boy resting on his chest. He looks at the ceiling counting the cracks

before making a move to find the remote.

Of course the remote is MIA, he turns on the TV manually before collapsing back onto the couch. *Unsolved Mysteries* is on, and while he considers keeping his eyes open but it's impossible.

###

"There has to be some sort of walkie talkie in there," Bev said while Richie stopped to pick through the rocks in the middle of the canal. "We gotta go."

Except he heard it again, the rocks spoke out to him, "Richard Tozier." He looked over at Bev making a goofy surprised face and stepped closer to the pile of rocks. "Richard Tozier."

"C'mon, Trashmouth! Somebody is fucking around with you. It's probably that Bill kid or like Bowers because you're such a nerd."

Richie smirked at her. "Me, a nerd? I'm pretty sure that's you."

"Oh, ok., I'm supposed to believe that from the kid who snuck into The Lost Boys?"

"Beaverly, nerds watch Star Wars, not The Lost Boys."

"You force me to watch Friday the 13th literally every Friday the 13th," Bev continued to protest. "Aso, don't call me Beaverly, that's flat out rude."

"Again, nerds would force you to watch Star Wars, I don't. I make you watch murder."

Again the rocks spoke up to him, "Richard Tozier." Bev went to grab onto his arm, but he moved closer to the rocks picking through them until he found some sort of round, glowing blue crystal. Richie knelt there holding onto it before showing it to Bev.

"I'm the fucking Chosen One now! I win!"

Bev rolled her eyes. "Great, we're all gonna die because of you, the hero, the kid who can't shut up even if his life depended on it."

Richie grabbed onto a stick to help him pry through the rocks, using it as a lever while he held on tight to the weird glowing crystal. At least, the rocks had shut up by that point. No more Richard Tozier.

“See you later, Trashmouth!” she yelled as she rode away leaving Richie alone.

“Well! Fuck you? I’m adorable and nobody will be mad if I’m late!” Richie shouted after her before he looked down at the crystal noticing some words around it. “For the Glory. . .” he began to whisper only to notice, he wasn’t alone, to an extent.

He looked up realizing some kid is standing on the bridge looking down at him. Some kid he was pretty sure he spotted moving in not too long ago and hadn’t seen in since like the house ate him up. Only the kid was already looking away from him. Richie looked back down and tucked it away in his pocket.

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Something strikes the floor waking Richie up. His glasses are on the couch behind him. *Shit. Fuck.* He puts them on glad they’re ok, the last time he returned home with broken glasses after being shoved to the ground, Maggie cried. It didn’t seem fair. No matter how many times he told her it was because of the Henry Bowers kid and his friends, she called him a liar. His dad, too, but he’s gone now to live with some a picture-perfect family where the kids didn’t blurt their thoughts 24/7.

The crystal is on the floor. He leans down to pick it up whispering out loud those words, “For the glory of Merlin. Daylight is mine to command.” Richie turns it over to find nothing there before looking at the front. It’s less crystal and more weird glowing blue clock.

Somewhere in the basement, there’s a crashing sound causing Richie to drop the weird object. He looks at the closed door that leads to the basement. *Fuck.* Maggie is long gone by this point and it’s already dark out. Before moving, he puts the crystal thing into his back pocket and is off to the kitchen snatching one of the steak knives before turning his attention to the basement.

The only way down there is to walk straight through their house and the amount of times his mom forgets to lock the door is terrifying. And he was the one always showing her *Unsolved Mysteries* or *America's Most Wanted*. Each time she lets him know, that kind of stuff doesn't happen to people like us, which is pretty bold seeing the fact several kids have gone missing in Derry, still not found. Then there was the whole murder-suicide next door when some dad snapped. Good thing his dad just fucking got up and left.

Richie opens the basement door staring down the broken wooden steps. So much skinnier than the main stairs. He hits on a light switch, but the bulbs down there have seen better days. There's about two downstairs, and they all flicker. The dryer is grumbling away, getting faster and faster. He holds the knife out and steps forward into the basement. Some portraits his mom used to paint stare back at him through so much dust.

"I'm armed and dangerous!" Richie yells. He looks around, but he's alone. Somehow a cool breeze drifts through the basement. "I've already called the cops." But that was a lie, which was stupid. The phone was right there in the kitchen, too.

There's some heavy movement behind him. Richie whirls around ready to stab the intruder as many times as possible, which means he has to get close, which is also unfortunate. A creature with maybe a hundred or a thousand eyes stares at him from the darkness and he has four arms. Richie stumbles backward shouting only to slam his head into the dryer.

The creature stands there holding his hands out like he comes in peace. Still Richie climbs back to his feet holding out the knife. "I can still stab you, I will stab all your eyes if you touch me."

"Master Richard! Master Richard!" the creature starts to say.

"Who told you my name?" snaps Richie. "Also. . .don't call me that, it's Richie."

"Master Richie, we found you!"

"Wait, *we*?" asks Richie unsure if each eye counts for a separate

creature.

Another larger than life creature steps out of the shadows. He has horns and looks as if he's made of rock with moss growing across it. Richie starts to scream and this new creature starts to scream and the multi-eyed creature starts to scream so Richie screams louder than them.

"Master Richie! Master Richie!" When the multi-eyed creature steps closer Richie stumbles back again, tripping over his foot and hits his head again. "I am known as Blinky."

At least, Richie stops screaming. He sits there with one hand on his head and the other he uses to point the knife at them. But when the second creature moves closer Richie starts screaming again and points the knife at him instead.

"No, he is known as Arrrgh, there are only three r's, not twenty."

Richie gawks at them with no response, it's a rare moment nobody else has experienced, and these monsters couldn't even appreciate since they all just met. At some point, everybody started to call him Trashmouth because there were too many times where felt too much energy crawling around inside him so he starts blurting all the words on his mind, and the amount of insults always circling through his head will send him straight to hell.

Richie stands up still rubbing the back of his head but refuses to let his guard down. "Ok, so I'm gonna need some explanations to what's happening right now.

"That's why we're here," Blinky says.

"Then get on with it!"

Blinky looks at his hands as if he has some words written there. "Right, right, where was I again. Master Richie, we found you! You have been chosen. The Amulet of Daylight challenges you to ascend to the most sacred of offices."

Richie looks from Blinky to Arrrgh and blurts, "I'm sorry, but what the actual fuck?" He thinks of the strange object and drops the knife

for the first time to pull it out. It sits on the palm of his hand while Blinky and Arrgh stare down at it, all their faces illuminated by the blue light. Blinky comes forward closing Richie's hands over it, which only gets a response of Richie wrinkling his nose.

"Responsibility," says Blinky.

"I'm not really a superhero guy when it comes to comics."

"You have a responsibility now, Master Richie, unbeknownst to your kind, there is a secret world, a vast civilization of trolls lurking beneath your very feet, hidden from view."

Richie gawks at him. "What the fuck? There's trolls in the sewer system. That can't be healthy."

"First, Master Richie, one should not speak that way, and second, not in the sewers. There are trolls, but they don't live in the sewers and it is now your charge to protect them. You are the Trollhunter, Master Richie."

"Oh," whispers Richie. He stares down at the amulet vaguely remembering Blinky calling it the Amulet of Daylight then there were the words along it, *Daylight is mine to command*. So it's not like these are some mutated crackpots in his basement, making up some shit, it's all connected. Richie looks up at Blinky stepping forward. "Me, I'm the Trollhunter, protector of non-sewer trolls?"

"Precisely, Master Richie!" Blinky has a huge smile and he looks over at Arrgh who also smiles and nods. "Is this an honor you accept?"

Richie puts his hands out and Blinky awkwardly reaches out to touch them like they're about to shake hands or hug. Instead, Richie slams the so-called Amulet of Daylight into the palm of Blinky's one hand. "I don't fucking want it." With this he storms off up the stairs. "Go find some other Trollhunter. Promise, there's better options out there and better options who aren't kids"

"But Master Richie! It was a rhetorical question when I asked if you accepted this honor!" Blinky yells after him. The amulet casually sits there as he frantically looks from Richie to Arrgh. When he makes it

up the stairs, the door is already closed and barred from the outsider. "Oh bugger!"

###

Richie is carrying two trash bags outside the back door into a tiny pretend yard area. It's not huge, but they have a Tiki torch, a grill, and a broken couch covered in plastic so rain doesn't get on it. A tall fence blocks the yard from the world and he heads toward the one door about to unlock it to take the trash out.

"Doesn't even make sense. Why would a trollhunter protect trolls? Hunters hunt," Richie is grumbling to himself. When he reaches for the little lock something whacks him in the back of the head. He falls forward losing his glasses. *Fuck, no.* He reaches down. "Please don't be broken, please don't be broken." If he made his mom cry again, he'd somehow finally break, it wouldn't be right. But then again, he should probably be more worried about the trolls maybe attacking him. Him dying would make her cry too. Richie puts his glasses on to find himself alone. One of the trashbags ripped open in his fall spewing pasts out like blood and guts. "How am I supposed to clean tha. . ."

The actual fucking amulet is lying there close to Richie's feet. He can't even form thoughts to finish because when he looks up and around, nobody is around. Not those trolls. His eyesight might be shit, but he'd notice two larger than life trolls standing around.

Richie picks up the amulet and stares at it. "Please don't take this the wrong way, but I don't want you." He chucks it with all his might into the next yard before returning to how to resolve his current mess.

This time around, Richie is leaning over to salvage some of the broken bag when he spots the amulet flying towards him. He puts his hands up to protect his face only to catch it. He straightens his back looking at it again reading the words around the illuminated clockwork.

"What the heck." Richie touches it while standing there. He still has to clean up his mess and probably call Bev to tell her about this

complete nonsense. Some odd thought enters his head that he can't really explain or put a finger on. "For the glory of Merlin. Daylight is mine to command."

Turns out, he somehow triggered something. Richie's feet leave the ground and the whole time he keeps whispering fuck, fuck, oh fuck. None of this is good. None of this is ok. The amount of times he made fun of Bev for reading *Sailor Moon* could not prepare himself for a moment what he'd call a magical girl or maybe magical boy changing sequence. Next thing he knows, he's wearing some armor that faintly glows the same blue color. The amulet rests over his chest, stuck inside the armor.

"Get it off! Get it off! Get it off!" Richie starts to shout, which if somebody is walking by has to get curious. He tries to pry away the armor but it doesn't budge. A sword forms in his hands leaving him standing there in a heap of trash while wearing some magic armor. Richie stares at himself in the reflection of the sword. "I'm gonna be the motherfucking Tuxedo Mask of Trolls."

In an attempt to swing the sword, he drops it. It severs open the not ripped bag and slices into the ground. But Richie doesn't care, he's got a sword. He attempts to pull it out but it doesn't move. He loses his grip and falls backwards. It's as if the armor shatters, but really, it all bursts out of reality and he's lying in the dirty in his street clothes.

"Trollhunter. I'm a Trollhunters. Guess I have to be a fucking Trollhunter." He stares at the amulet and tucks it into his back pocket to run inside leaving the mess to worry about later. Instead, he goes straight into the kitchen grabbing the phone off the wall dialing Bev's number.

"Marsh household," her aunt replies after a few rings.

"It's Richie, can I talk to Bev."

"Oh hey, Rich! But sorry, Bev's out for the night."

Richie stands there tugging at the chord to the phone. "Wait, what? Where is she?"

“Greta’s house, it’s a sweet sixteen party. You know how it is.”

Ok, but Greta and Bev aren’t even friends. He doesn’t say this out loud, which is pretty unusual on his behalf. Maybe it’s the long silence that makes her aunt realize, he doesn’t get it.

“Let me give you Greta’s number, ready?”

Richie moves to the fridge grabbing a pencil out of a little holder. There’s a notepad he glued to the fridge after its magnet broke only for Maggie to tell him it defeated the purpose, now they can’t add a new one. Richie is about to say *Ok* to Bev’s aunt when he realizes his mom scrawled something on the top post-it: *call* back and underneath it said Walter Strickler with his number.

Instead, he surprises himself by letting Bev’s aunt know, “Actually, I’ll just see her tomorrow. I wanted to chat about something random anyway.”

“You know it’s important for her to be friends with girls at her age,” is the response he gets.

“Yeah, yeah. Makes sense.”

Richie puts the phone on the hook sighing. He looks at the money on the table deciding against dinner and heads up to his room. There’s a lot to consider like trolls exist and he has no choice other than to protect them and what happened to the last Trollhunter? Maybe that was a question he should have asked earlier along with: *So how do I get in contact with you?* He falls back on his bed taking his glasses off to give his eyes somewhat a break while staring at the strange contraption. The words are a blur, but they’re easy to remember. *For the glory of Merlin. Daylight is mine to command.*

Richie puts the amulet down on his nightstand forgetting to turn on his alarm clock. He lies there watching headlights pass over the ceiling. “What the fuck do I do now?”

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry that this is so long but hey up next, we get to meet Bill and Stan (oh and learn something about the

role Georgie will play).

Anyway, pls let me know if this is cool. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did or at least I really liked writing Richie + Mom the rest is eeeeeh.

4. Lunches, Losers, and Lovers. Oh Shit.

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie meets some of the Losers only to learn a bit more about the high school as a whole and details about a certain Richie Tozier.

Lunches, Losers, and Lovers. Oh Shit.

Eddie holds a paper bag lunch as tight as possible crushing his lunch, but that's what he gets for bringing a sandwich along. The jelly is already soaking through the paper and he still has no idea how to handle the whole cafeteria world. It's day two and he's stuck in a safari. The only person who spoke to him all day yesterday was the Trash Kid and Trash Kid didn't show up to first period leaving him all alone again to the big, bad cafeteria world. Maybe a friend this time would be ideal.

Most tables are pretty full then the ones that aren't, Eddie gets dirty looks when he walks too close. He's thinking of eating in the bathroom, which if his mother knew, she'd take him straight to the ICU afraid of MRSA or C Diff or cholera or whatever you get from poop these days.

"H-H-Hey N-New Kid!" some boy waves him down. It's just him and one other kid at a table. The second kid has curly hair and is too busy paging through a book to pay attention to Eddie. "S-Sit h-here."

"No thanks, I'm ok," Eddie whispers.

Curly haired kid looks up at the one kid then over at Eddie. "Oh! Sit here, New Kid! We have something for you."

Eddie does a quick scan to make sure it's only him and he sits down at the table with them. The curly haired kid pushes a little booklet he bound on his own towards Eddie.

“I’m Stan, by the way, and that’s Bill.”

The first kid who caught Eddie’s attention looks a little distracted now that Eddie is at the table. He’s looking somewhere else in the cafeteria leaving Eddie to page through the little booklet. It’s made to look like some scientific animal manual, but of students in the school. Little drawings of the student with a little bird to match them. Eddie looks up at Stan.

“You made this?” Eddie asks.

“Yeah, I want to be an ornithologist when I grow up.”

“I don’t know what that means.”

“B-B-Birds,” says Bill as he joins the conversation. “He wants to-to s-s-study b-birds.”

Eddie doesn’t want it to be all obvious, and yet he finds himself pausing over a little entry about Richie. There’s a little drawing of him and his ridiculous shirt beside a boring, small bird who wears big glasses. It says “trash bird” by the bird’s foot.

“That’s somebody you want to avoid,” Stan says. “He’ll annoy you to death, trust me.”

“W-W-We know b-best,” adds Bill.

“We were friends in grade school.” Stan turns a page pointing at a group of pigeons before referencing a table of girls who are sitting close together, laughing about something. “Greta is another person to look out for.” Next, he shows Eddie a series of emus and ostriches, fearsome birds that look too much like the remnants of dinosaurs. “The Bowers Gang, don’t mess with them.” Again, Stan points at a table where only guys sit. “There’s Henry, Vic, Peter, Moose, Belch, Gard, Patrick, and Ben.”

Bill interrupts them, he blindly reaches out for Stan to get his attention. “She-She’s a-alone.”

Stan and Eddie look over to see the red haired girl who sits behind Richie sitting by herself. She stays curled up in her seat while picking

at her food avoiding looking at the table of girls. "That's Bev Marsh, Bill has had a crush on her since the second grade."

"Have n-n-not," retorts Bill while he sits there staring at Bev.

Eddie flips through the little booklet to find her bird close to Richie's, only she's a pretty red bird. He looks up at them attempting to rejoin the conversation, "I have first period with her and Richie. Um yesterday I saw them on my way in and Richie gave me a ride. We were late, but I was already late so it's not his fault."

Both Bill and Stan snap their attention to Eddie saying, "What?" in unison.

"I mean, I don't know, he doesn't seem that annoying, kind of funny actually."

"No, you don't understand," starts Stan. He and Bill look at each other before returning their attention to Eddie. Bill had given him a nod to explain something leaving Eddie out of the loop and about as confused as ever. "See we used to be best friends with Richie Tozier, we did everything together, had a clubhouse, called ourselves the Losers Club, and then one day he's going to meet us at the movies and stops to talk to Bev so he invites her along and pays for her ticket claiming she didn't have any money. Then in the fifth grade for the school play, Richie and Bev kissed on stage and not like a normal stage kiss and they've been together ever since even though he knew Bill liked her."

Figures, Eddie sits there staring at Bev. Her hair is cut pretty short, she has red curls and she's dressed in her own quirky, mismatched way. Her clothes my clash, but she matches all of Richie. "Is Richie still dating Bev?"

"Don't tell me you have a crush on her too?" Stan starts to chuckle but Bill doesn't find this funny so Stan stops and looks down. He is about to say something else when some shouting distracts them.

They all turn to see Richie running into the cafeteria or really the aftermath of him running in and crashing into one of the kids Stan warned Eddie about. The kid is on the ground while Richie frantically

looks around.

"That's Ben," Eddie says. "If you were going to crash into somebody like that, better him than Henry or Patrick. They'll kill you. Wait to you learn what they did to Ben when he first moved here, not good."

"Sorry, emergency!" Richie shouts as he continues on with Ben yelling something after him.

Richie is out of earshot as he jumps into a seat beside Bev and whispers something to her. She looks annoyed, but he grabs her tray running off making her follow him. The two are gone leaving all the cafeteria chaos behind. Bill sighs and returns to his lunch. Meanwhile, Eddie sits there still looking after the two of them.

"I mean, are you sure they're together?" Eddie asks. It sounds more stupid when he says it out loud seeing the two raced off with each other.

Stan and Bill look at each other, giving one another some look Eddie can't read. Eddie decides to shut up by eating the smooshed remains of his sandwich. They end up remaining silent rather than fill Eddie in on anything else until the bell rings. He wishes he ate instead in the bathroom just so he could contract C Diff and die.

Nobody really stands up right away in the cafeteria even with the bell ringing. Stan stuffs some of his papers into his bag. "Um. . .you should join us sometime after school," he says. "We usually hang out at Bill's to watch movies or play video games. Sometimes this one kid, Mike, joins us, he volunteers his free periods in the library."

"I have to go home straight away after school," Eddie tells them. It's true but feels like a lie.

They seem to think it's a lie so Bill speaks up even though he let Stan do most of the talking during lunch. "If-If it's b-b-because of the m-missing kids, w-w-we can help. S-Safer in numbers, r-r-right?"

"No, really, my mom would be worried about me." It feels weird saying mom rather than mother, but the last time he called her mother in public, people laughed about it. Eddie picks up his stuff,

too. "But thanks."

"Bill, has a Sega Genesis!" Stan blurts. Bill scowls at him and Stan shrugs. "It's true, and his mom lets us play Mortal Kombat ever since. . .something happened."

"Y-Y-You should c-c-come."

"I'll think about it." Eddie ends the conversation by taking off from them. Nope, straight home. His mother is already furious with him insisting he leaves too early to get to school because he wants to avoid her in the morning.

Outside Eddie realizes he has no idea where Richie and Bev went, it's like the two disappeared. He's close to the gym and its locker rooms. People are flooding the halls trying to rush to class or lunch depending on their schedule. He tosses the remnants of his sandwich before looking at the little bird booklet from Stan, he's about to toss it when instead he decides to keep it.

Do. Not. Make. Friends. Friends meant they'd move again and again and again because his mother said it was for the best, the only way to protect such a cursed child.

It'd be weird if he came out and told those kids he was cursed, they'd probably laugh about it. The idea of killing your first love, sounds too dramatic. Eddie slows a little bit thinking about one of the stories Stan said about the whole 5th-grade school play thing. There's a little paper taped to the wall about auditions for *Romeo and Juliet*, which happen to be soon as in it'll start in 30 minutes, which is at least somewhat during school hours. He peels it off the wall staring at it before tucking it away with Stan's bird drawings. Last year they did *Romeo and Juliet* in class so he knows the gist of it. Love and death, lots of death like everybody dies sort of death.

His mother's words returned: *And Eddie! Keep in mind, you're going to kill your true love so be careful out there. Don't go and make us move again.*

No wait, this has to be a terrible idea. No friends. He cannot make friends. If he makes friends, they'll move again, his mother was like

that and if he talked to Richie more, well. No. Maybe. Maybe he can try and live a little, which seems unfair to the other party.

But what are the chances his mother has been telling the truth this whole time?

And if she was telling the truth about killing his first love, what are the chances it's some class clown called Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier.

The chances have to be 0.

Notes for the Chapter:

1. I promise Ben will have a cool story and 2. I'm not happy with this chapter esp. with Stan and I'm sorry about that but pls let me know if you wanna keep reading and if this is cool.

Next chapter more Richie + Bev as best friends and Trollhunter shit.

After that some Romeo and Juliet scenes.

(I'm so excited to write some action and drama pls stay with me!)

5. That Time Richie Turned Out to be the Chosen One

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie tells Bev his secret.

Oh and. . .

Richie and Eddie have a very charged moment on stage for the school play.

Notes for the Chapter:

P.S. I'm just so tired there's like going to be little to no homophobia in this (hopefully) because yeah I'm tired.

That Time Richie Turned Out to be the Chosen One

If Bev were somebody else, she might have hit Richie. Hit him for making her move. Hit him for taking her lunch and dropping it. Hit him for not saving her from Greta's party. Hit him so he would just shut up for a change. He talked so fast. He pulled her into the boy's locker room and she feels self-conscious even though they're alone. She stands there covering her chest picking at her sleeves.

"RICHIE!" she yells and he stops. "One, you're not making sense and two, I get to go first because-because you suck. You super suck and I'm gonna make sure you know why."

"No, wait. Let me show you." He pulls the amulet from his pocket, but Bev bops it out of his hand. "Hey!"

"Carol said you called last night!"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"What's that supposed to mean?! Richie! I was at Greta's. Did you really think I went there of my own free will? Carol made me go."

Richie stares at her for a few seconds. He leans over picking up the amulet but doesn't do anything with it. "She said you need to hang out with girls at your age."

"Ok, ok, but Richie, she says that bullshit all the time and you're gonna decide now. Like ok there was that time I got that Cranberries tape so I invited you over. What did she say?"

"Dreams is a girl's song so you need girlfriends?"

"Yeah! Basically! That's the point I'm trying to make. I literally just told you she says that bullshit all the time so you listened to her and you let me stay there! And you know how cruel they are."

"Can we go back for a sec? I don't understand why The Cranberries are girl's music. I'm pretty sure they write music for everybody."

"Richard Tozier! I am going to murder you then I'm going to cut your body up and throw your pieces to the alligators in the sewer."

"Bev. . .alligators don't live in the sewer."

Bev stands there just screaming like she's about to strangle Richie, he takes a step back still holding tight to his amulet about to bring it up again, but that might not be right. "Richie! Just fucking shut up, please."

"It's a gift, you know," he whispers.

"Richie! I fucking sat around there last night listening to them complain about me, say why they hate me, they made an actual circle around me to say why they hated me and kept calling me all sorts of names." Bev looks close to tears but Richie has no idea how to handle tears. He puts a hand out touching her elbow as if that is going to help. "You really don't get it."

"People call me names all the time, it's not a big deal. People are just stupid like that."

"It's different! I swear! And it's you! You don't care, you don't care what anybody says about you, you laugh at the people who make fun of you."

I don't want to talk about this, Richie thinks about saying but doesn't. He stares at her and lies, "Yeah, you're right. Sorry about that."

Bev sighs. "What-What did you even want to tell me?"

Richie holds up the amulet for her. "I think it'll be better if I show you."

Bev rolls her eyes. "Whatever."

"No, I'm serious. It's gonna be like Sailor Moon, but real life." Richie stares at the amulet like he needs to read what it says super fast, "For the glory of Merlin daylight is mine to command." Nothing happens. Of course, it doesn't, and he's not ready to speak up or slower because he doesn't want Bev to hear the words. "For the glory of Merlin. Daylight is mine to command."

Still nothing.

Bev dramatically groans throwing her head back. "I'm gonna go before I get in trouble for being in the boy's locker room. She walks away from Richie and opens the front door to find Henry Bowers and Ben Hanscom waiting out there. She slams the door shut before they can make a move toward the locker rooms. "RICHIE!"

Richie steps out from the lockers looking over at her. The two are banging on the door. Ben is the one shouting at them. "Hey! You! Person!" he shouts "Get out!"

"He's not really good at bullying," Richie tells Bev.

Bev's eyes widen as she gawks at him. "Richie, we're about to die and that's what you say."

Ben continues to yell. "ASSBUTT!"

"It's ASSHOLE, you fucking idiot!" Richie yells at him.

“Another example about you making fun of people calling you names,” Bev whispers holding the door shut while Richie does nothing.

“What? No, this is different. He called us assbutt. That’s not name-calling.”

“I’M GONNA KILL YOU!” Henry yells. The pounding grows louder and the door trembles a bit. Bev looks at Richie hoping he’ll move but he looks frozen. “TOZIER! I’m gonna fucking murder you! The second I get in, I’ll make your friend clean up the mess.”

“Go suck a dick!” Richie yells leaving Bev to fight a losing battle.

Somewhere somebody yells for them to stop. The amulet glows brighter, the blue increases and without even saying the words or maybe it counted earlier Richie finds himself stuck in his armor and reaches out almost missing his magic sword. Bev staggers to the side while she gawks at him.

“Oh my God!” she shouts.

“Right!”

“Oh my God!”

“I know!”

“Mr. Tozier?” There’s a soft knock at the door from Mr. Strickler.

Bev mouths the words, *Oh my God*.

“Um. . .I’m naked. . .please, don’t come in!” Richie yells before he hops closer to Bev who reaches out touching his armor still mouthing *Oh my God*. “Bev, I don’t know how to get out of this.”

“Fuck, Richie, you’re Sailor Moon.”

“I don’t know how to get out of this and. . .” He points to the door and Bev throws herself into it stopping Mr. Strickler from coming inside. “I need. . .to find my boxers!”

“Richie. . .I gotta get out of here,” Bev whispers to him. He leans into the door but it doesn’t seem like Mr. Strickler is going to open it. “You need to get out of *that*.”

“Um. . .run. . .?” Bev nods and takes off. She turns around one last time mouthing the words, *Oh my God* and disappears out the back of the locker room leaving Richie there. He darts in between the lockers pretending nothing is weird, there’s nothing weird about him in armor, not at all or with a sword. He has a sword.

“Mr. Tozier?” Mr. Strickler asks again as the door creaks open.

Shit. Fuck. Shit. Richie turns around and around still stuck in armor he can’t pull off. He takes the sword putting it into one of the tall lockers and tries to lean into it right when Mr. Strickler comes around the corner looking at him. They both stare at each other for a long time while Richie sheepishly smiles at Mr. Strickler.

“I don’t think I want to ask,” Mr. Strickler comments.

“The play, it’s for the play, I’m going for. . .the play. . .”

Mr. Strickler raises an eyebrow. “The play that is Romeo and Juliet?”

Richie shrugs. “I’m thinking more DiCaprio than um old, boring one.”

Mr. Strickler stares at him with no smart comment or with for the situation. He shakes his head and starts to head away. “You better hurry, I believe auditions start soon and I’d use the back entrance. There are some, *friends*, waiting for you outside, Young Atlas.”

“Thanks for the tip, Mr. Strickler.” Richie salutes him and has no idea why. He just does and moves away from his sword in the locker to head where Bev went. “You sure are a keeper!” He turns around and sprints away not sure where to go other than the theatre. Bev is waiting outside for him and follows him as he continues to run without asking too many questions. She’s still a little stuck in her whole *Oh my God* reaction. “Auditions!” Richie shouts back at her.

“Fuck! Oh my God!” She runs a little faster. “You can’t go like that!”

“I am now. I don’t even know how to pee in this thing.”

“Maybe you should invest in some Depends.”

Richie squints at her. “Shut up.” He gives her a playful little push and Bev runs just a bit faster than him, of course. She’s the type of person who could do anything if she just put her mind to it, just she never did, probably because of people in the past. Life be like that sometimes.

Bev chuckles as she runs a little faster even though they’re smack in the middle of their school building. Richie rolls his eyes not really paying attention and knows for sure he can’t wear armor and he’s stuck in some ridiculous armor. Something smacks into his face, knocking him backward. He slams into the ground, it knocks the air from his lungs and the armor explodes into sparks, disappearing again.

There’s a “RICHIE” and a “TOZIER” yelled at the same time. Richie groans, his glasses are off to the side. When he goes to grab them, somebody stomps on his hand and he gasps.

“You’re such a little shit, Tozier!” yells Henry Bowers, of fucking course.

“Seriously?! Go blow someone already!”

“Get off him!” Bev snaps. It’s just Henry and Ben, which is pretty rare. She stares at Ben ushering for him to do something. He doesn’t, he shakes his head looking more terrified than her.

“BythegloryofMerlindaylightisminetocommand,” Richie says it so fast the words blur and blue light bursts around them knocking Henry off balance. Richie jumps up just going for a punch because he’s ready to get out of there. His fist strikes Henry’s jaw, knocking him to the ground. “Oh fuck. . .oh fuck. . .” He takes a step back almost tripping over himself but then finds himself yelling still at Henry. Not that he wants to, it just happens. “Eat shit!”

Bev shakes her head, “Oh fuck.”

Before there’s any chance of retaliation, Bev grabs onto Richie so glad he’s pretty quiet for a split second, giving her a better chance to drag

him along pulling him at a much faster pace than he could manage before. She shoves some students away ignoring the crowd gathering behind them in the aftermath of a somewhat fight. Somebody shouts at them something about a tooth being knocked out. Be doesn't stop as they make their way from one side of the school more towards the front where their little theater is. She cuts through a side door and pauses. The two are standing together behind a curtain.

Bev stares at Richie, "Oh my God."

He gawks at her, "Oh my God."

"You're a perfect Romeo, at least." She signals to the stupid armor he's stuck in.

"I wanted to be Mercutio."

"I'm gonna be Mercutio."

Without further whatever, she shoves Richie out onto the stage. Bev literally has no idea why other than something in her mind told her to do so. *Right this second, push him.* And so she did. She shoved Richie right out onto the stage, right out from behind their curtains without putting any thought into if anybody is already on the stage mid audition or anything. She whirls around about to yelp about her mistake but then doesn't.

On stage, Richie almost falls face-first into the ground. He flails his arms around until he defeats gravity and regains his gravity. He looks up about to make some joke, but instead, he finds himself silent by recent happenings. That one new kid is standing there holding a paper in one hand and an inhaler in another. He's facing the audience but stares at Richie and Richie stands there staring at him.

Richie forgets the kid's name for a few seconds, there's not a single sound or peep in his brain, which is so, so strange because it's always too loud. He stares at this kid and everybody is staring at him. He's stuck there gawking at the kid. Eddie, that's his name, it's Eddie. *Eddie.*

There's some thought almost forming inside Richie's mind, but it feels

all lost and fuzzy and almost impossible to reach. Somebody probably tells him to say something because he is still standing there gazing at Eddie as Eddie faces everybody else and starts to sidestep away from Richie towards the stage's steps.

Then words find a way and come to life and as if on command when Bev yells for Richie to say something. Doesn't matter that it's a song, he says it all word for word, almost as it comes to mind but changes the words, a tiny bit.

Eddie. Eddie. "Eddie!" Richie shouts, startling Eddie, who stops frantically looking at Richie then at the audience, but apparently Richie isn't done. "Eddie, how was I supposed to know that something wasn't right here? I shouldn't have let you go and now you're out of sight. . .yeah. Show me how you want it to be, tell me, *Eddie*, 'cause I need to know now because my loneliness is killing me and I-and I. . .I must confess, I still believe, that I still believe when I'm not with you, I lose my mind. Just give me a sign!"

The whole time Richie moves across the stage, stuck in his armor at poor Eddie who stands there quickly inhaling deeply thanks to his inhaler. Everybody watches them, so quiet. Bev leans around the curtain while covering her mouth the whole time. Richie stops in front of Eddie taking the paper from his hand, he looks at it for a second before tossing it to the side.

"Hit me, Eddie, hit me one more time."

Richie is so damn close. Eddie stays put and leans back a tiny bit to get away from him with nothing in mind what to say and his words are on the floor, all Shakespeare when he's pretty sure Richie is treating Britney Spears as if she wrote a monologue just for him and this moment like they've known each other long enough to start fighting over something.

Still, Eddie leans back looking up at Richie, he's so tall. Eddie steps to the side and hugs his inhaler. "Yeah, well! Well! R-R-Richard. . .you-you drive me crazy, I just can't sleep, I'm so excited, I'm in too-too deep. . .oh crazy but it um feels alright? *Richard*, thinking of you keeps me up all night." For some reason, Eddie reaches out pushing him a little then slaps a hand over his mouth. *Holy Fuck*, he just said

all of that. Well, Britney Spears said it first but it sort of just happened.

Richie jabs a finger in Eddie's shoulder squinting at him. "Eddie, *Ed. . ward*, the reason I breathe is you. Booooy, you got me blinded and there's nothing I wouldn't do, it's not the way I planned it. Show me how you want. . ."

But Eddie cuts him off getting in Richie's face almost shouting, a little caught up in a moment, what moment? He has no idea. But it feels like they're having a fight for some reason. "Ok, Richard, but tell me you're so into me, that I'm the only one you see, tell me I'm in the blue, that I'm not wasting my feelings on you, every time I look at you, my heart is jumping, what can I do?"

Richie breaks. He bursts into laughter, Eddie is still in his face, standing on his toes even though he's wobbling a bit looking ridiculous in his normal clothes and hugging his inhaler to his chest or maybe Richie is the ridiculous one, in some magic armor but at least he's the adorable one. Eddie doesn't laugh. He stumbles backward from Richie and gawks at their audience. Everybody in the seats are quiet. Bev is off to the side, she claps only to stop cause nobody else reacts.

The drama teacher leaps out of her seat clapping her hands together all at once. "I have a perfect idea!" She darts toward the stage while Richie and Eddie start putting some distance between them. Bev comes out to stand beside Richie. "Instead, we do Romeo and *Julio*."

"Well that's just a stupid," replies Richie.

Everybody in the audience gasps as the teacher looks taken aback.

"What? It's true. Also, Jules is short for Juliet and can be for a guy or a girl and his hilarious because look at him. . ." Richie points at Eddie. ". . .He can be the Capulet family Jules."

"Do you really just talk like that to everybody?" Eddie finds himself asking.

"Unfortunately, yes," Bev replies for everybody.

Richie smirks at Eddie causing him to look at the ground. *Shit*. His face is turning bright red, he uses his inhaler again like that'll stop the embarrassment. "Never was there more woe than the story of Jules and his Romeo, am I right or am I right?" Richie playfully punches Eddie's shoulder and he loses his inhale. *Shit. Shit.* Eddie slowly looks up at Richie who is still smiling while Bev is there hanging out with him, sucks to be cursed.

Eddie raises his hands and offers some jazz hands to the situation. "Yay. Tragedy."

Notes for the Chapter:

Not really happy with this chapter, it might be because life sort of sucks right now.

But anyway, I just wanted to keep moving on to some action scenes and I really wanna bring the Losers together.

So pls leave a comment if this is cool.

I almost used an Elliott Smith song but wow it'd be so sad so it's Britney (bitches).